

1709

T H E
R E T A L I A T I O N ;

O R,
The SATYRIC VISION:
A P O E M.

In Answer to a late scurrilous Publication entitled the
CONSULTATION.

By a young Gentleman of this City.

"Intoxicating madness seiz'd his sense,
"Rul'd his whole mind, and drove reflection thence."

THISTLETHWAITE.

"You are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father you will do. He was a
"murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth
"in him. When he speaketh a lye, he speaketh of his own; for he is a lyar, and the father
"of it." JOHN, chap. viii. ver. 44.

B R I S T O L :

Printed and sold by W I L L I A M P I N E,
and sold by all other Booksellers in the City.

M,DCC,LXXV.

RETALIATION:

The Satyr's Vision:

BY A. F. M.

Published by the London and Westminster Satyrists' Association



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finding an anonymous signature to a publication, generally bestow the title of author to the person addressed: but such an ungenerous reproach must certainly proceed from an evil heart or a vulgar brain; as

“ By education many are misled,

“ For *so* they think because they *so* are bred!”

However, to disperse that cloud of censure, with which envy or ignorance may darken a respectable character—it is evident to a candid and judicious reader, that commendation ceases to be flattery, when conveyed by the hand of truth; and applause can no longer be deemed mere compliment, when directed by virtue.

My engaging in this work needs few apologies: being in a manner a stranger to this city, considering my long absence, it might be necessary to observe my want of support in so great an undertaking; more especially as I chose to conceal my name: but, fraught with that glowing ardor, so common in a good cause, I barred all obstacles, and ventured on your sole encouragement. It is my first attempt: under your kind auspices I fear no calumnies, nor dread the censorious pen of the most busy critic. May my lines be read! And may they be considered with that strictness of judgment which alone constitutes an impartial reader!

By heartily thanking you for so generous a patronage,

I conclude,

Your sincere well-wisher,

And most grateful humble Servant,

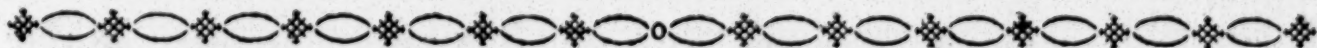
The Author.

BRISTOL,
Feb. 2, 1775.



Advertisement.

IT has been remarked by my friendly patron, that it might be more proper, to resign the base satyrift to the stings of conscience, instead of that severe sentence passed on him by Vengeance, at concluding the Poem: but, apprehending his disposition to satire was grounded on too permanent an idiopathy, to have any connection with so reasonable an umpire, it was deemed an essential duty in recommending him to the mercy of Vengeance.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Advertisement

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. in relation to the above named subject. The same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration. I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Yours obedient servant,
J. H. [Name]

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



T H E

R E T A L I A T I O N .



O For a Muse with ev'ry word inspir'd
 By Virtue's dictates, and by Reason fir'd!
 To lash the critic Bard, whose grov'ling aim
 Is center'd deep in Vice, in search of fame;
 Who dares blaspheme his God, betray his friend,
 And martyr characters to gain his end!
 His end how vile! let Justice tell the tale,
 For Justice over Vice shall still prevail.
 Mark my prophetic song—th' intent is vain
 Of him who barter Truth for paltry gain;

Whose

Whose sordid soul is coin'd like sterling gold,
 Of precious metal, in a fictitious mould ;
 Whose froward mind nor adverse time can change,
 Nor friendly help prevent his sinful range.

O ROBBINS ! hard thy task to teach mankind ;
 In this degen'rate age few precepts bind ;
 How few ! a late repentance sadly proves
 Th' untimely loss of weeping parents' loves
 For friend or foe, to late reflection brought,
 Can ne'er redeem his time ; recall one thought !
One thought so valu'd at the parting hour,
 When Vice and Virtue separate their power !—
 Then list awhile my boding Genius tells,
 And ushers far around “ where Vice prevails,
 “ Where impious Man bears sway,” and rules the rod
 Of temper'd iron 'gainst the hand of God !

Involv'd in Fancy's ever-mimic chain,
 Where visions haunt, and dreams infest the brain ;

Where

Where Embryo wild in mad disorder leads,
 And light or darknefs, joy or pain fucceeds ;
 In difmal defarts, or in flow'ry meads.
 My thoughts unfettl'd once no fcope could find,
 No friendly harbour for my troubled mind ;
 Till fleep arriv'd, to banifh all my cares,
 And land me fafe to where no grief appears.—
 Methought I wander'd o'er a lovely lawn,
 Where fkip'd the deer, the hart, and timid fawn ;
 Where fragrant flow'rs embalm'd my giddy fenfe,
 The fky drop'd aloes, myrrh, and frankincenfe :
 The ftrange furprize in which my change was caught
 Entranc'd me far beyond my reach of thought :
 I travell'd on, the profpect ftill encreas'd,
 By opening beauteous fufaits to my feaft ;
 The ground whereon I trod like rubies fhone,
 And lambs attir'd in gold fat, one by one,
 'Tween goodly trees as ever *Milton* fang,
 Or poets ever form'd from earth had fprang ;

B

With

With birds on top in tiffu'd robes array'd,
 More rich than ever deck'd the peerless maid ;
 Serene the fky, in various colours plum'd,
 With incense sweet my ravish'd heart perfum'd ;
 Enchanted pleasure threw around her train,
 And smiling angels bid me sleep again.
 The thrilling serenade here bore my soul
 In-melting rapture, far beyond controul ;
 Enwapt in what no mortal e'er can know,
 'Till time's last trump the premium shall bestow ;
 When kings and peasants bear an equal sway,
 And both alike awake t' eternal day ;
 (Beyond description what I would reveal,
 For fate and nature chuses to conceal :)
 I started up, and seem'd convey'd along
 To distant leagues, where millions in a throng,
 With one resounding echo rung the air,
 And left one direful object giv'n to fear.
 (Just as from pleasant dreams we wake, and find
 Each darling phantom vanish'd from our mind :)

But

But soon compos'd, my youthful bosom fir'd
 At sight of beauty *ne'er enough admir'd* :
 The lovely image dwells upon my pen,
 Her heav'nly form now captivates again ;
 Attempt is vain to give her equal due ;
 Yet such my charge, and such O ROBBINS you !
 Her radiant features struck my 'stonish'd sight,
 My senses almost lost, my courage quite :
 By solemn awe inspir'd I strove to gaze,
 And view'd with eager, but a dread amaze.—
 A robe she wore with gold and silver mix'd,
 And zone with spangling di'monds purely fix'd :
 Her sacred cor'net bore a mark divine,
 And from behind her flowing ringlets twine ;
 The glory round her head excell'd by far
 Aurora's God, when in his eastern car ;
 Or rainbow's tyrian dye, by pow'r supreme
 Ordain'd to dignify th' immortal theme.

" All hail! all hail!" my strict attention heard,
 " When instantly three damsels more appear'd ;
 " All hail, (they cry'd) the goddess Virtue reigns
 " O'er ev'ry part of these Elysian plains ;
 " And dares vile mortal thus to use a pow'r,
 " In changing human form to earthly flow'r?
 " To stain th' ambrosial air unstain'd before,
 " By mortal ken, or Pluto's savage lore."
 (Around I gaz'd, when lo a Thistle sprung
 From earthly mould, compos'd of earthly dung)
 " 'Tis his device," fair Virtue then reply'd,
 And touch'd the noxious weed, which quickly dy'd—
 While from it's with'ring trunk a satyr rose
 In bold defiance, Virtue to oppose ;
 With looks enrag'd he roll'd his blazing eyes,
 And vow'd destruction to the lofty skies ;
 O'er earth's vast space his fiery arrows spread,
 And madden'd Envy shook his brazen head :
 As erst Ithuriel with his spear atting'd
 Th' infernal toad—who started up, then cring'd ;
Perplex'd

Perplex'd to find his base intent o'erthrown,
 He gaz'd awhile ! till when, more daring grown,
 An haughty insolence disturb'd his crest,
 Glow'd in his cheeks, and rag'd within his breast ;
 Just so the Thistle, by a touch divine,
 Assum'd his proper form, his native kind !

As thro' the groves the goddesses gently stray'd,
 And to the pow'rs propitious fervent pray'd,
 (While not far off the pious sisters stood,
 As fervent craving for their sacred food ;)
 A cloud appear'd array'd in glorious flame,
 And founded forth " I come in *Vengeance* name !"

" Quick thro' the splendid golden arch of heav'n
 " The sovereign shout of vengeance thrice was giv'n ;
 " Thrice was th' important question ask'd on high,
 " If any friend remain'd, who fain would die
 " To save the abject, foul, polluted name
 " Of him who glory'd in blasphemous theme ;

" But

“ But silence all around the high behest
“ Was issu’d forth with dignify’d request :
“ I was the object of divine command ;
“ You know me damsels—sure you understand
“ What hellish fiend torments this sacred place,
“ And casts around his poisonous grimace
“ Even on you, a fair unspotted train—
“ This monster vile would *all* perfection stain.
“ But hark !—th’ unerring dictates of command
“ Are giv’n to *me*, this satyr to withstand.”

Here *Faith* began her hallow’d voice to rise,
With echo wafting thro’ the vaulted skies ;
“ Religion, Vengeance, or whoe’er thou art,
“ Let Faith’s persuasions penetrate your heart :
“ While thus I plead, O sov’reign good forbear !
“ Awhile if possible, the tyrant spare !
“ Suspend thy wrath—nor let his crimes provoke
“ Thy hand to strike the dread impending stroke !
“ O let

“ O let compassion all thy rage disarm !
“ For who, alas ! can stand thy potent arm ?
“ Thy solemn frown ? immortal endless sway ?
“ Commanding lordly empires to obey ;
“ To tread the paths that lead to bliss divine—
“ So canst thou make this faithless satyr shine ;
“ Bright as the rising sun’s meridian ray,
“ Lost in the splendor of refulgent day :
“ By thy all-saving pow’r, and tender love,
“ His vices, manners, and his thoughts improve.
“ O ! view him then with pity and despair !
“ Repentance weeps—and drops the heart-felt tear !”

No more ! no more ! the thund’ring heav’ns reply’d ;
No more ! no more ! unnumber’d glories cry’d !
“ Oft have we strove, nor less impatient try’d
“ To mend his *morals*, dissipate his *pride* ;
“ But all in vain ! O *Conscience* here preside,
“ Call forth the fiend, and dare him to be try’d

“ In

" In thy tremendous court, where angels reign,
 " To scatter *justice* o'er thy vast domain!
 " Come daring Rebel fore-our awful throne,
 " Freely confess the faults which are thy own,
 " And leave to others what to merit's due—
 " Whate'er their crimes availeth naught to you :
 " Justice and Truth unrival'd pow'r shall bear,
 " And weigh thy foibles just as they are."

The Satyr then came forth with horrid grin,
 As tho' expectant pardon sure to win ;
 With hands display'd in tragic style he spoke,
 And *first* address'd the bar with *critic* joke.

" Whate'er my faults, is Virtue so severe ?
 " Pray can I plead at this tribunal bar ?
 " Or am I blinded by the eyes of man,
 " That what I do fair Virtue cannot scan ?
 " Or if not so, am I so *much* to blame ?
 " Since Envy, Pride, and Malice taught me shame.

" Dear

" Dear CHURCHILL now come forth, for me appear,
 " Excuse my faults, and then my trial clear :
 " But ah ! I fear thy genius has not skill,
 " For heav'n herself my sentence *will* fulfill !
 " Canst thou debar me from the partial line,
 " When oft I 'voided truth to clash with thine ?
 " For O ! I know thy pow'rs so fully fraught
 " With bad intention, tho' by learning taught,
 " That I, *thy* basest pupil, follow'd close,
 " Neglecting heav'n, I chose th' infernal dose,
 " And drank the hearty draught, nor thought it evil
 " If in satyric strains I fought the devil.
 " But oh ! my GOD, forgive my hapless fate ;
 " If I have sinn'd, alas ! may't not be late !
 " Too late to quit those errors which I see
 " Cause of my ruin, and the loss of thee
 " O smiling *Virtue* ! thou *Religion* too !—
 " Soften'd in tears I thus confess to you :
 " Great are the crimes for which you justly try
 " A wretch deserving endless misery.

" Yet gracious God, thou all-sufficient wise,
" Suspend thy wrath, dread Sov'reign of the skies,
" Nor with thy frown my conscious guilt display,
" And curse me from the splendor of thy ray."

The Satyr having spoke, *Hope* raptur'd came,
Array'd in glory of celest'al flame,
With hands uplifted fervently she pray'd,
Then solemnly approach'd the sacred maid,
In awful accents, and to Virtue said.

" Hast thou not heard when finners turn aside,
" Intent to curb their wickedness and pride ?
" Nor anxious less, their future lives to mend,
" By oft reflecting on their latter end ?
" Hast thou not heard, to such there's mercy giv'n,
" And *Hope* to lead them to the gates of heav'n ?
" Such then, O sister ! be the blessing shewn,
" Declare *that* pow'r, and *mercy* is thy own ;
" Convince this satyr, *both* derive from thee ;
" Pardon pronounce—and let him happy be,

" Free

“ Free from those racks which gnaw each guilty mind,
“ Blest with that good to which he *now* is blind !
“ Say wilt thou hear if I still stronger plead
“ For sin ? Yet tell me, shall I *too* succeed ?—
“ But hark ! before my thoughts can farther go
“ Avenging heav’n in thunder answers *no* !
“ O Virtue ! here my trembling heart gives way,
“ I close my lips,—thy mandates to obey.”

Monastic silence girt the wide expanse,
Naught heard around but gentle Zephyrs’ dance,
’Till thrilling murmurs in meandering play
Awak’d mild *Charity’s* progressive lay.
In snow-white robes the goddess mov’d along,
While guardian angels rais’d the grateful song,
And hallelujah’s founded forth her praise,
The sacred origin of ancient days :
In tender eloquence of melting love,
And fervent prayer to ALMIGHTY JOVE,

She.

She thus in plaintive accents made her moan,
With soft subduing force and pitying tone.

“ O pow’rs divine of fortitude and grace,
“ Whose splendid glories fill this hallow’d place !
“ With whom a boasted sway is sudden flight,
“ And he who dares offend dares not *to fight* ;
“ Oft have I heard the culprit at your bar,
“ Ev’n heard till *Vengeance* sent me from my car ;
“ No longer Patience acted o’er her part,
“ Tho’ meek-ey’d Pity rul’d my generous heart :
“ I soon forsook my realms, th’ Apenine coast,
“ Where sacred fervor dwells amidst a frost :
“ Enrag’d to find your mercy aims so low,
“ To gratify th’ ambition of a foe ;
“ Th’ infernal satyr shall no *mercy* meet,
“ Altho’ repentant, begging at your feet ;
“ For mercy who to culprits can dispense,
“ When acting vile, and fully fraught with sense?—

“ What

- “ What are your godly attributes on high ?
“ Look round, observe the wonders of the sky—
“ Are there no advocates in Virtue’s cause ?
“ No heav’nly precepts ? no celestial laws ?
“ To quell the wretch who aggravates his crimes,
“ And urges reason less than impious rhymes ?
“ *Who spurns at sacred Order*, and her name,
“ By adding sin to sin, for worldly fame ;
“ Whose base, inveterate heart nor *Faith* can bind,
“ Nor *Hope*’s pure precepts cultivate his mind ;
“ Whose narrow soul no farther prospect knows
“ Than that arising from another’s woes ;
“ Who calmly smiles, allur’d with hopes of gain,
“ And dips his pen in gall, nor writes in vain ;
“ No *charity* his treacherous breast e’er fought,
“ His callous heart no pious dictates taught ;
“ And while he lives to Pluto’s cause a friend,
“ Not Virtue’s self can force the wretch to bend ;
“ Much less can *I*, the humblest of her train,
“ Attempt to free him from the Stygian chain :—
“ Therefore

" Therefore, my heav'nly sisters, judge his case
 " With quick dispatch, and hurl him from this place."

In woe-worn strains the monster first assay'd,
 By courtly means, to calm the virtuous maid ;
 But finding courtly means could naught avail,
 And black hypocrisy threw off her veil,
 He thus in furious accents urg'd his tale.

" If I, no child of Virtue nor of Grace,
 " Because descended from an atheist race,
 " Am born to scourge mankind, in *impious rhymes*,
 " And, where their virtues shine, expose their crimes ;
 " When pleasing Satire proffer'd me her aid
 " I censur'd Virtue, and her worth betray'd :
 " If I, *the vilest e'en among the vile*,
 " Fair truth with infamy could reconcile,
 " Could lash each character of pious fame,
 " And envy ev'ry honest man his name ;
 " Whate'er the cause, I thought it all as one,
 " Just as my ductile fancy led me on ;

" In

" In Scandal's trammels I was ever found,
 " And may the goddess thro' my lines resound !
 " Since at your awful bar I'm now arraign'd,
 " For well 'tis known your altars I have stain'd
 " With gore of Acheron, from Pluto sent
 " T' assist *his son* in ev'ry base intent :
 " I am *his son*, and be it not conceal'd,
 " That Pluto's self will aid me in the field
 " Against YOU ALL—nor think my cause is weak ;
 " If any doubt my purpose, let them speak."

With echoing trumps that cleave the yielding air,
 The martial clash of hostile bands appear ;
 Two heav'nly Hierarchies pronounc'd their cry,
 And *holy Vengeance* in his cloud drew nigh ;
 His angry eyes bespoke a pow'r supreme,
 While forked lightnings cast a fiery beam,
 And seem'd to form a circuit round his head,
 As from his lips a thund'ring voice o'erspread :

" My

“ *My spirit shall not always strive with man,*
 “ Relenting oft we’ve length’ned mercy’s span,
 “ And oft hast thou provok’d our rage again ;
 “ We know thy black cimmerian purpose well,
 “ And saw thy flight from SISYPHUS’s cell :
 “ Return, mad fury, to thy dark abode,
 “ Nor dare provoke the uplifted hand of God,
 “ Whose mercy far excels thy tow’ring pride
 “ As thou in vice excell’st all hell beside ;
 “ From this sad hour thou sure shalt curse thy fate,
 “ And feed on horrors never to abate,
 “ But still encreasing with relentless hate :
 “ *Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee there,*
 “ To groan in torment, grief, and black despair :
 “ In adamantine chains of doleful sound,
 “ Shackling with racking pains shalt thou be bound ;
 “ Where pools of flaming sulphur, scalding oil,
 “ And burning beds of pointed steel shall broil ;
 “ There fixt shalt thou in endless tortures roll,
 “ While restless pray’rs in vain awake thy soul.”

The spangled firmament now shone more clear,
 While seraphs bright with golden wings appear,
 Spreading a canopy of glorious frame,
 Proclaiming "blessed be th' immortal name
 "Of him who sits enthral'd in heav'nly state,
 "Around whose throne unnumber'd millions wait."

The ravish'd air, such pleasure loth to lose,
 With echoes still prolong'd each solemn close;
 Seraphic harmony, in melting strains,
 Sat in th' imperial car, and held the reigns
 Of melody divine—when in my heart
 A secret sorrow rose to see them part:
 Swift as the lightning flew my 'stonish'd fight,
 To catch one glympse of their celestial flight:
 But ah! in distance lost wild tempests scowl
 And dreadful scorpions send around their howl;
 The dreary prospect drove me to despair,
 Distressing horrors urg'd my zealous pray'r,
 When soon I 'woke, reliev'd from ev'ry fear.

The tangled tangle now more clear,
While scapula bright with golden wings appear,
Spreading a canopy of glorious flame,
Proclaiming "blessed be the immortal name."
"Of him who his earthly life in heav'nly fate,
"Around whose throne numbered millions wait."
The ravens and the eagles both to see,
With echoes fill prolonged each solemn note;
Solemn harmony, in melting strains,
But in the imperial car, and held the reins,
Of melody divine—when in my heart
A sacred sorrow rose to see them part;
"Swift as the lightning down my forehead light,
To catch one glimpse of their celestial sight;
But ah! in distance lost wild tempests howl,
And dreadful passions rend around their bow;
The dreary prospect drew me to despair,
Distracting horrors and my reason's prey;
When soon I woke, relieved from every fear.

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